

The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the

Talent Historical Society

"Remember the days of old; consider the generations long past."



206 East Main, Suite C • P.O. Box 582 • Talent, Oregon 97540 • 541/512-8838

January 2004

STUDENT PRESENTATIONS BRIGHTEN MEMBERSHIP MEETING

The Annual Membership meeting was held the 15th of November 2003 at the Talent Community Hall. Phoenix Middle School Students, Elizabeth Shinn and Abigail Carroll, presented their polished projects from local, regional and national History Day competitions. Abigail showed us her display about the decision to drop the atomic bomb and Elizabeth told us about child labor laws. It was so interesting to see young people telling a generation who lived through it about the bomb, or the laws that give children certain rights. We encourage and applaud these young women who have taken the time to know about the world they live in. The audience asked many questions and helped the students understand some of the emotions around the issues they chose. President of the Board, John Morrison, spoke of the need for active commitment to the Historical Society and to the concepts of community and history. Katherine Harris, Secretary, read the minutes from last year's meeting. Ralph Hunkins gave a well-researched report on the financial state of affairs at the Society and Jan Wright, Director, got to do the fun stuff and report on the events and projects of the past year. Two new board members were elected—Bob Wilson and Karl Slack. (Look for brief bios. in the next newsletter)

At the Annual meeting, two members, Alta Grimes and Genevieve Holdridge, brought items to donate to the Society. We thank them for their generosity and thoughtful consideration. Alta brought in a 1907 postcard directory that included Talent and other cities of the Rogue Valley and beyond. The directory named some of the Talent residents for that year. Genevieve brought her personal history which she had written. All members are encouraged to donate items for preservation at the Talent Historical Society. We need your stories, your photographs and documents. Another member, Al Dreiszus compiled a history of the Tally Ho property and donated it to us as well. If you need ideas or help getting started please give us a call. Or if you want our historian, Joe Cowley, to come to your home and conduct an oral history interview on tape, please call 512-8838. Joe will promptly set up an appointment.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

This poem was written on December 25th 1864 during the American Civil War by one of America's greatest writers, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The references to this war were removed when the poem was rearranged and set to music by John Baptiste Calkin in 1872.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day	The carols drowned
Their old familiar carols play,	Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And wild and sweet	
The words repeat	It was as if an earthquake rent
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!	The hearth-stones of a continent,
	And made forlorn
And thought how, as the day had come,	The households born
The belfries of all Christendom	Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Had rolled along	
The unbroken song	And in despair I bowed my head;
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!	"There is no peace on earth," I said;
	"For hate is strong,
Till, ringing, singing on its way,	And mocks the song
The world revolved from night to day,	Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"
A voice, a chime	
A chant sublime	Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!	"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
	The Wrong shall fail,
Then from each black accursed mouth	The Right prevail,
The cannon thundered in the South,	With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
And with the sound	

LEWIS & CLARK AND THE SPACE ADMINISTRATION

Nearly 200 years ago, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were sent by President Thomas Jefferson to seek a land route to the West Coast of North America. It took them two years to accomplish this landmark expedition. Today the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) is helping scientists locate the lost campsites along the 3700 mile route taken by the explorers between May 1804 and their return in 1806. Archaeologist Ken Karsmizki, who is a curator at the Columbia Gorge Discovery Center in The Dalles, Oregon, is being helped by NASA satellite mapping to match sites which can be observed from space with the written records left by the Expedition. Because many of their journal articles were written after "long, grueling days on the trail" they are known to contain a number of unfortunate geographical inaccuracies. NASA, which has used similar mapping techniques to locate roads built by the Pueblo Indians in the Southwest over 1000 years ago and cities buried under the sand in Arabia, is now seeking the location of the Lewis and Clark campsites.

THS Membership Levels

Individual	\$10.00
Individual Sponsor	\$20.00
Family	\$15.00
Family Sponsor	\$30.00
Business Sponsor	\$50.00

Heritage Societies

Eli K. Anderson Society	\$100.00
John Beeson Society	\$250.00
Jacob Wagner Society	\$400.00
A.P. Talent Society	\$500.00
Lifetime Membership	\$1,000.00 (one-time)

THE FAMOUS BOONE FAMILY ROUTE TO OREGON USED THE APPLGATE TRAIL

Alphonso Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone and founder of Boone's Ferry, now immortalized as Boone's Ferry Road near Portland, came to Oregon. His sister Panthea Boone Boggs and her husband Liliburn W. Boggs, former governor of Missouri, accompanied them via the Applegate Trail. They were members of the first train over the famous Southern Route and suffered the misfortunes experienced by those early trailblazers.

Here is what the End of the Trail Interpretive Center near Oregon City has to say about the Boone family's experiences:

"The Boones reached South Pass on July 18, and two days later they encountered a lone horseman from the west urging emigrants to try a new, shorter route to California being promoted by Lansford W. Hastings. Led by George Donner, about twenty wagons from the Russell train turned off to follow this new route into the history books.

"On August 8, at Fort Hall, the Boones met a man promoting another new route, this one leading to Oregon's Willamette Valley instead of California. Panthea Boone Boggs and her husband struck out for California, while Alphonso Boone decided to take a chance on the new road to Oregon, known as the Southern Route or the Applegate Trail.

"This proved to be a mistake. The Applegate Trail was a hard road through difficult terrain with limited access to water. To make matters worse, the Indians of southern Oregon and northern California were extremely hostile to the overlanders. While they didn't stage a full-blown attack on the emigrants, they frequently harassed them by shooting arrows at their livestock and stealing from their wagons. Indians opportunistically attacked and killed two overlanders who got separated from the groups they were traveling with.

"As winter weather set in and threatened to strand the travelers on the Applegate Trail, the emigrants began throwing away everything they could in order to lighten the load for their

exhausted, footsore oxen. They cached their valuables in hope of being able to return for them later, but the Indians dug up and stole all but a few items of clothing. The Boones lost everything that they couldn't carry out of the mountains on their backs, including a compass and surveying instruments that had once belonged to Daniel Boone himself."

It was at Fort Hall, in Eastern Idaho that the California Trail left the Oregon Trail and basically went down the Feather River toward present Marysville and thence on to Sacramento and other California locations. The Boggs did not go with the Donner Party.

The "lone man" promoting the Southern Route apparently was Jesse Applegate or Levi Scott.

The Indian attacks mentioned apparently occurred while traveling through Modoc territory south of the Klamath lakes.

The "limited access" to water that is mentioned involved primarily the crossing of the Black Rock Desert and points north to Fandango Pass in the Northern Warner Mountains south of present day Lakeview. From that point on water was readily available. The Applegate Trail basically ran north from the California Trail to Goose Lake and then north to the Klamath Lakes and over the Cascades, basically following the present Greensprings Road. In fact the availability of water in that portion of the Cascades is why the name Greensprings was applied. One of the famous springs on the Applegate Trail is still used today up on the Greensprings—Tubb Springs, now a state wayside.

The Boone party was among those whose cattle gave out north of Grants Pass. Basically, it was early November and an early snowstorm had hit Southern Oregon. Many of these pioneers had to walk from Sunny Valley to Canyonville during one of our bleak November storms. Descriptions of the route and the sufferings encountered describe scenes of utter misery. Food, in the form

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THE FAMOUS BOONE FAMILY ROUTE TO OREGON USED THE APPLEGATE TRAIL, CONT.

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of cattle, and apparently some flour, was sent to the mouth of the Umpqua Canyon (now Canyonville) by Applegate but resentment occurred for he charged the emigrants for the food.

They then turned northwest toward the Columbia River at The Dalles and the John Day and Deschutes Rivers, finally descending into the Columbia River valley just east of The Dalles.

The overland portion of the trail ended at The Dalles until 1846, when the Barlow Road was opened. Before that time, the emigrants built rafts to travel down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver, and then up the Willamette River to Oregon City. After 1846 most emigrants preferred to head south from The Dalles to Tygh Valley and then west across the southern shoulder of Mount Hood on the Barlow Road. They then crossed the Cascade Range at Barlow Pass and descended into Oregon City.

There are still Boone family members in Oregon, and in fact the national Boone Family Reunion took place in Oregon during the summer of 2002 at Farewell Bend.

FIRST SCHOOL IN BEAR CREEK VALLEY WAS IN TALENT NEAR WAGNER CLAIM

Editor's Note: Orson Stearns' recollections included his description of the first school in the Talent area...there were no schools in Phoenix (it was not a community at the time), nor in Ashland. Settlement there had not yet occurred. Stearns settled in the Talent area in 1853 as did the Colvers who are mentioned below.

Stearns says: "The first school house was built by the settlers near what is now Talent. It was of rough logs with cloth-covered windows on two sides. Its floor was of slabs, benches were of slabs with legs of round sticks inserted into auger holes, no backs. The desks were simply rough plank tables."

"The school was erected on Bear Creek about one fourth of a mile from the farm of Jacob Wagner. There being no school districts yet established, it was started as a subscription school and the name of Eden was given to it. The first teacher was Miss Mary Hoffman and her school consisted of the children in the surrounding country for several miles in every direction, many of the pupils being older than the teacher . . . Martha, Abigail, Donna, Hiram, and Solon (Hiram Colver's children), and Lewellyn (Sam's son) attended this school. Lew Colver was then about 7 years old; he rode the two miles to school on a little white pony.

"The school books consisted of books brought across the plains from nearly a dozen different states, and were as varied as were the pupils. Scarcely any two families had the same series of school books, and the organizing of the classes was a very difficult matter. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were about all the branches taught."



The Historacle is published quarterly by the
Talent Historical Society

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Comments & letters may be sent to the Editor, **The Historacle**, by mail or by e-mail casebeer@jeffnet.org. Members of the Society receive **The Historacle** free with membership. THS email address: talenthstory@jeffnet.org.

COMPARE 1902 WITH 2003

HERE'S 1902

This ought to boggle your mind; I know it did mine! The year is 1902, one hundred years ago. What a difference a century makes. Here are the U.S. statistics for 1902:

- The average life expectancy in the US was forty-seven.
- Only 14 percent of the homes in the US had a bathtub.
- Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone.
- A three-minute call from Denver to New York City cost eleven dollars.
- There were only 8,000 cars in the US and only 144 miles of paved roads.
- The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.
- Alabama, Mississippi, Iowa, and Tennessee were each more heavily populated than California. With a mere 1.4 million residents, California was only the 21st most populous state in the Union.
- The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower.
- The average wage in the US was 22 cents an hour.
- The average US worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year.
- A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2,000 per year, a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year.
- More than 95 percent of all births in the US took place at home.
- Ninety percent of all US physicians had no college education. Instead, they attended medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and by the government as "substandard."
- Sugar cost four cents a pound. Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.
- Coffee cost fifteen cents a pound.
- Most women only washed their hair once a month and used borax or egg yolks for shampoo.
- Canada passed a law prohibiting poor people from entering the country for any reason.
- The five leading causes of death in the US were:
 1. Pneumonia and influenza
 2. Tuberculosis
 3. Diarrhea
 4. Heart disease
 5. Stroke
- The American flag had 45 stars. Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Hawaii and Alaska hadn't been admitted to the Union yet.
- The population of Las Vegas, Nevada was 30.
- Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and iced tea hadn't been invented.
- There were no Mother's Day or Father's Day.
- One in ten US adults couldn't read or write. Only 6 percent of all Americans had graduated from high school.
- Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at corner drugstores.
- Eighteen percent of households in the US had at least one full-time servant or domestic.
- There were only about 230 reported murders in the entire US.
- Just think what it will be like in 3003!

"A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

Thomas Babington Macaulay 1800-1859



TALENT AREA BIOGRAPHIES

INDIAN TROUBLES MADE EARLY FOLK IN THE BEAR CREEK VALLEY WORRIED

EDITOR'S NOTE: These recollections are those of Mary M. Hill Dunn, whose father and family settled south of Ashland in 1853. The section below starts just south of present Cottage Grove as the Hill family was on its way south to the Rogue River Valley. Mrs. Dunn was married by Myron Stearns, Baptist minister.

The road over the California mountain was nearly as bad as that we had traveled from The Dalles to the settlements. One wagon broke down and we were forced to leave it. All the next day we were looking for a sheltered place. We camped under a big fir tree, built a huge fire and tried to get fed and dry. The next day we spent in camp and the men repaired and brought up the wagon that we had left the day before. Lou and I had an interesting experience one day. Just before we came to Elk Creek near Roseburg, we loitered behind the wagons. [Elk Creek is near Drain, Oregon] When we reached the creek, we found that the wagons had crossed without us. The water was deep and muddy and we hardly knew what to do. We found a large tree that had fallen across the creek. And immediately we determined to cross on it. We had two puppies with us. So I took them over and came back to help Lou who had become so dizzy that she decided she could never cross that way. I told her to get astride the log and I would keep close so she couldn't see the water. When I turned around after reaching her, there were both puppies! I carried them back and finally we were all across and started for the road. A little way farther we found we had to cross another stream. Lou began to cry. Luckily we found another tree that had fallen across the stream. The top branches reaching over on our side. I told Lou we could climb in the top and get down on the other side. I managed to get the puppies over and Lou followed. We reached camp in time to help get supper. Father gave us a lecture, but no one knew what a hard time we had. We simply told them we had crossed on a log. The first of March we reached Canyonville. There was a mill there and a few settlers. Father found a cabin for mother and us girls, pitched camp there and made us as comfortable as possible. Then he and Cicero started with the cattle for the Rogue River Valley. Father had been much impressed with that valley on his first trip through it. And he had chosen a place for his claim. However, when he arrived, he found that Patrick Dunn and Fred Alberding had taken up that claim. So he moved to a place a few miles south. Soon he had a little cabin erected, some ground broken up and a garden planted. Leaving Cicero to care for the cattle and garden, Father started back with a train of pack mules for us at Canyonville. Since there were no roads from there on, we had to leave our wagons

SOUTH TO THE ROGUE VALLEY

Our journey ends. After one month in camp we were eager to finish our journey home. Father put Has and me on a big mare he had brought across the plains and told us to go ahead and lead the pack animals. We had to follow the creek, sometimes being in the rocky bed and sometimes up on the bank. The pack mules had made steps like stairs as each had stepped in the track of the other. The old mare we were riding would over step the distance all the time and it was very uncomfortable riding. When we climbed up the bank, it was easier for me as I was in front, but easier for Has when we went down. If you think it was funny, you just try it. It took us all day to come to a camping place. We got a bite to eat, spread our blankets and slept. I do not remember of hearing anyone say they were tired as we were filled with the prospect of coming so soon to our home. I do not know how many days it took for us to reach our destination. Every night we had to camp early so that the mules could find feed. We could not get through the canyon in one day. And one night we had to spend lying on a piece of canvas spread on the wet ground. It was early in April when we reached the Rouge River Valley. It was a beautiful sight, wild flowers growing everywhere. Along Bear Creek there was a rancheree of Indians with a lot of naked children running around.

ARRIVING SOUTH ON NEAL CREEK

At last April 14th, 1853, Father said to us, "Tonight we will be home." How happy we were and how long was that day! I called to father, "How much farther do we have to go?" He answered, "You will know when you get there." Along about sunset Father called, "Turn to the left, Mary, turn to the left." The road led along what is now Neal Creek and across what was later our upper farm. So I was glad to obey orders. And we turned and went around the hill and there was our cabin. Cicero was standing in the clearing with his back to the road. When I called, he came running eagerly to meet us. He had spent a lonely time waiting for us. He had tried to make some bread and had used a cup of soda. There was an Indian rancheree where the Walker place now is and his other neighbors were farther away.

It would be impossible to tell of our feelings after our long journey to at last feel that we were at home. I wish I could picture to you the little log cabin nestling under the shadow of the Siskiyous, with mighty oaks and pines

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standing guard, and the beautiful wild flowers nodding us welcome.

Words cannot express the wild beauty of the place, nor our joy in knowing our long journey was ended. The cabin itself was a round one room structure, with no windows, a dirt floor, no chairs, no table, no anything. The first night we lay on our canvasses on the ground. In contrast to our comfortable farm home in Tennessee the little cabin was a sorry spectacle.

Mother was broken-hearted thinking of the advantages of which her daughters were deprived. We began with a will to make this new home as attractive as possible. Father made a table and stools for us children and a chair for mother. Curtains divided the interior into rooms. We brought dishes out from Salem with us and a stove also. There was a wonderful soda spring on the claim, and the highway to Klamath Falls goes right through the claim where it leaves the Pacific Highway about six miles south of Ashland.

SETTLING IN

There were many things which were hard and unpleasant, but Mother and we girls took our places side-by-side with husband, father and brother and fought a good fight in making a home there in the wilderness. Cicero and LaGrande went over to Yreka to work in the mines, and that left the rest of us plenty to do. Father had an immense garden that year. And we milked 40 cows and made butter and cheese which we sold to the packers going over to the mines. Butter brought \$1.00 a pound and cheese for 75 cents.

Our staple foods, coffee, sugar, flour, and bacon were shipped from South America to Crescent City. Then sent inland by pack train. Flour cost from 40 cents to 40 cents (sic) a pound. In Jacksonville we once witnessed a remarkable transaction where 52 gold nuggets were weighed on one side of the scale and salt on the other.

When we arrived, there were very few men located in the upper valley. Fred Alberding, Thomas Smith and Patrick Dunn had taken donation claims on what is now known as the Hauch, Homes and Dunn places. Mr. Gibbs, James Russell and H. F. Barron had located at what is now the Barron Ranch. The latter was then popularly called the Mountain house, because it was at the base of Siskiyou where the road starts up the steep mountain. Dick Evan's place joined Father's on the north or what is now known as the Kincaid place. Just after crossing the Rouge River we came to the Tevanlt cabin, Merriman's next. Next came Dr. Coffenes, the Gases, Van Dykes, Nenhouse at Eagles Mills.

I think Helman's, Emery's, Hargladine's were in Ashland. The fall of 1853 quite an immigration came in. The Myers, Walkers, Wells, Myron, Stearns, took up a claim near the Lytha Springs and John Murphy had a claim nearby.

Mother and we girls were the only women in the upper part of the valley and were asked to help with the sewing for the Mountain house. We made bed ticks, sheets, pillow slips, and were asked to keep them in condition. The boys as we called them had one white shirt among them and it was in the wash often. Our first summer was a busy one. As there were many demands upon our time and strength aside from the really hard work we were doing. Mother was nurse, counselor for all who needed care and sympathy. As the little valley began to fill up with other homeseekers, she was called on to help welcome the little strangers in these new homes, or to close the eyes of loved ones gone still farther west.

Yet there were jolly times mingled with the more sober duties. Our neighbors, all men did not neglect their social duties. And on many Sunday morning we would awake to find the fence in front of the cabin lined with those who had come some of them many miles to see the "Hill Girls" as we were called. Father would invite them all in and we would spend the day cooking a substantial meal for them. Many of these men were miners who had been away from civilization a long time. The sight of the little home "with women folks" appealed to them mightily. One day Mr. Gibbs brought some potatoes and 3 eggs from the Mountain house and said, "Mary, make me a little cake, I am going to eat with you today." We made the cake, Mother made some biscuits and we had a wonderful meal. The potatoes were the first we had seen since leaving Salem. Another time Mr. Gibbs brought us a cat that had come from Crescent City with the pack train of Mr. Russell. That cat was the first one in Southern Oregon. A little later Mr. Russell brought some chickens to mother and she was most happy to get them. Some young men who ran a pack train to Yreka invited us girls to attend the Fourth of July celebration that year. Our Aunt Lou Kelly, who lived there, wrote that there would be such a crowd of miners there at that time that we had better wait a few days. A little later the men came with horses for us to ride, and we started our pleasure trip of 40 miles. We rode Spanish sidesaddles covered with rawhide. There was only a trail over the Siskiyou and in some places it was so steep we had trouble in sticking to our horses. We reached Yreka just as the sun was setting. The streets were filled with miners who were anxious to see some girls and I believe that Has, Lou, and I were the first girls to cross the Siskiyou.

Aunt Kelly invited some of her friends in to spend the evening with us. Some of them were fine musicians and

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entertained us delightfully. One man, a jeweler, made all kinds of jewelry out of pure gold taken from the mines at Yreka. He asked Aunt for permission to give us something he had made. He gave Lou a heavy gold ring, to Has and I, a set of earrings. He brought them over to Aunt's and put them in for us. I have worn mine ever since and have never had them out. While there we visited the print shop the day the first paper was printed in Yreka. I remember I got some of the printers ink on my dress. It was pretty taffeta made with lots of ruffles on the skirt.

INDIAN TROUBLES START

About the first of August, we noticed the Indians were beginning to act strangely. One day a big fellow came to the door when mother and we girls were alone in the cabin. Beside the door was a shelf on which father kept some tools; among them was a whet stone. The Indian took out a long bladed knife and began sharpening it. Then he carefully examined a pistol. Seemingly satisfied that his weapons were ready he stepped inside. He walked across to one of our curtained beds, jerked the curtain apart, then suddenly spied Father's gun and started for that. I sprang ahead of him, drew the gun on him and followed him as he backed toward the door. Mr. Gibbs, who had been following the Indian, and also Mr. Dunn came in a few minutes. They told the Indian to leave. He made a hasty retreat. Mr. Gibbs said he was sure the Indian intended to harm us. A few days after that Mr. Gibbs came after Father to go down the valley with him to see if the people thought there was any danger from the Indians. They came back a little after noon. Father went inside to tell Mother and Mr. Gibbs came in the shed where we were cooking. I was making pies (they must have been elderberry pies for that was the only fruit we had), and he said I better go in and get ready for there would be a wagon here in a few minutes to take us all down to the Dunn and Alberding place where a few women had already been taken.

HOSTILITIES BEGIN, FORTING UP

After seeing that we were safely housed, the men formed a little company of which Father was made Captain. There were just 12 men, and Father divided them into three groups. They started out to try to make peace with Sambo, the chief of the rancheree about one mile from us. Mr. Dunn and three others got there first and the Indians began firing on them at once. Mr. Dunn was shot in the shoulder and Andy Carter in the wrist breaking both bones and severing the artery. The others heard the firing and came to their assistance. They killed several Indians and took the squaws prisoners, and brought them to Mr. Dunn's place where we were. They brought Mr. Dunn and Mr. Carter home and sent about 20 miles to Jacksonville for a doctor. Mother did the best she could in giving first aid, but Mr. Carter's wound was very serious on account of the bleeding. Lou and a man took turns holding his wrist as none of the rest of us would hold it tight enough to stop the bleeding. It was a hard night for all. We had no beds, just rolled up in blankets on the floor and we could hear the squaws and their children and the men on guard walking back and forth. We were glad when daylight came so we could at least see what was going on. Dr. Cleveland finally came and cut the bullet out of Mr. Dunn's shoulder and fixed up Mr. Carter's arm. It was a painful operation for each of them after waiting 24 hours and not having anything to deaden the pain.

Mr. Dunn's house consisted of a living room, a small bedroom, a lean to and there was quite a crowd of us.. Mr. and Mrs. Grubb and their five children, Mr. and Mrs. Heber, and probably half a dozen more besides ourselves. We had to feed the squaws and children and try to find something for ourselves to eat, as we had not brought anything with us. Father and another man started to the hills to get us fresh meat. While they were gone, Sambo came within calling distance and wanted to talk. Mr. Gibbs and two men went out to him and he wanted to make peace, promised to give up their arms and stay where they were if we would not send them to the Fort. Mr. Gibbs agreed and let them come to the house where the squaws were. When Father returned, he was very much put out and said it would be a day or two until the Indians from down the valley would come and attack us and that he would not risk his family there unless they sent the Indians away. Mr. Gibbs said if he had 50 lives he would trust them all in Sambo's hands. A part of about 20 men under the leadership of George Taylor came over from Yreka and took us from Mr. Dunn's place to the Fort at Wagner Creek. They made a wall of logs about ten feet high in a large square around Mr. Wagner's house with a gate at each end and port holes at the corners. We had a row of beds next to the wall all around and a passage way between them and the house. Besides the crowd from Mr. Dunn's place, I can remember there was Mr. and Mrs. Sam Culver and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Culver, the Reames, Emery's, McCalls, Rockfellow's, Helmans, also Mr. and Mrs. Sampson, and the Rileys stayed in the house with the Wagners. There was also an emigrant camp just outside the enclosure.

EDITOR'S NOTE: There is a lot more material in Mrs. Dunn's autobiographical sketch both before and after the section used above. Those members with computers who want to access the on-line version should use this URL: <http://members.aol.com/chuicy/oregon.html>

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further forward you can see".

It is within this context then, that we must persevere in the vital works of the Talent Historical Society and others like it around our Valley and across the nation.

Local historical societies are the cornerstone in shaping a coherent and accurate historical record. They collect the grassroots materials from which the great narrative of human and natural events is framed.

They collect transactions of public bodies, local histories, memoirs and personal observations of all kinds, vital statistics, laws, ordinances, public debates and discussions, works of literature and journalism however humble, records of political and commercial activity, the arts and culture...all find a place in the collections preserved by local historical societies.

Written history is always a product of the writer's talent, research, study and yes, perspective. Yet it is in many ways just as much the result of the hard work of historical societies such as ours as they preserve and protect the archival trail of human history, locale by locale.

It is here, by persons such as yourselves, that the varied strands of our shared history are woven together...that we can more effectively address the challenges and opportunities ahead, bringing the lessons of the past to bear on the aspirations for a better future.

Yes, we know that history does not protect us from all current and future folly. But this tragic failure does not take from us history's essential importance...that we draw from our history affirmation of those constant and unchanging values which have stood the test of time and experience.

Fairness and compassion, justice and tolerance, heroism and self-sacrifice; these are the landmarks from the past which can guide us...all of us...through the years ahead.

These timeless values tell us above all about the way we should relate to people rather than to things; thinking of others, not just of ourselves.

In the past year we have seen our local historical societies come under assault by those who would dismiss the value of our work and take from us the resources to get it done.

Through the efforts of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, and that of all the other local societies and most especially the outspoken leadership of our own THS Past President Lynn Newbry, all was not lost. Through a compromise with the Jackson County Board of Commissioners, we will for the present at least, receive continued, though greatly reduced funding.

DOWNSTREAM CALENDAR

Talent Historical Society Museum,
Talent Community Center.

Museum Open hours:

Mon.—Fri. 10:00 a.m.—2:00 p.m.

THS Board Meeting

Talent Library

Jan. 19, 6:00 p.m.

JCHMA Meeting, 2nd Thursday of each month, 10 a.m. – Noon. Location varies.

This then is our challenge for the future and more specifically the coming year. It means we must change the way we operate. We no longer have the luxury of a stable source of income. We must devote more time, more energy and more creativity to finding ways to fund our mission.

We must...each and every one of us...at every opportunity...impress upon those we meet the importance of the preservation of Talent's history, and the ways they might help.

Today you will hear (have heard) from Treasurer Ralph Hunkins, Katherine Harris and Jan Wright what we have done in the past year and to some extent what we will do in the next year. And despite the funding difficulties with the county, it has been a good and productive year.

We have seen the arrival of new members, a new executive director, presented or sponsored a number of excellent programs and completed a much needed reorganization of our offices.

We have also taken a role as a partner in the City's Civic Center Design process which will result in the THS eventually finding a new and beautiful permanent home in the new Civic Center.

But we need your ideas and direction in shaping a new future for our historical society. When an idea comes to you on how we might do something better, call us...call me...and we'll get to work on it. If you have extra time, we can always use volunteers. We need new members. If you have an idea on how we can attract more, share it us. And then, by next year, we'll have a "historic" success story to tell you that we have all shaped.

So with that let me once again say thanks for being here, and let's enjoy the rest of our program.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS AT 2003 MEMBERSHIP MEETING

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was presented by THS President John Morrison at the Annual Membership Meeting of the Talent Historical Society. We have retained the oral elements of the address.

EDITORIAL

A very warm welcome to you all. And thank you for joining us at this 2003 Annual Membership Meeting of the Talent Historical Society. The THS Board of Directors holds this meeting each fall. It's our chance to let you know what we have done in the past year, and for you to let us know how we're doing.

But more than that, it is an important meeting because it provides a brief time in which all of us...the Board...you, the members of the Society...and the community at large can take stock...and reflect on the events of the past year and to begin to think of plans for the year ahead.

As always, we who share a love and appreciation of history and its importance, recognize that, as we gather here, we are looking back not just on one year, but on a hundred years...and a thousand years.

Human history...even Talent's small part of it...is measured in centuries. More than ever, we are aware of being a tiny part of the infinite sweep of time when we move from one day...one year...one century...to another.

And as I look to the future, I have no doubt that the one certainty we all face is change—and the pace of that change will only seem to increase. This is true for all of us—young and old.

On my mother's eighty-fifth birthday last week I was struck by how the inevitability of change affects us all, and how different my mother's early years were compared with those of my children.

For many of this new generation the future is a source of excitement, hope and challenge. For others however the future is a cause of understandable anxiety.

There are many of my age...or the age of the majority of us here today...who worry that the this fast-paced world is leaving them behind. The sheer rate of change seems to be sweeping away so much that is familiar and comforting. But I do not think that we should be over-anxious. And certainly not fatalistic.

We CAN make sense of the future—if we recognize, preserve, understand and share the lessons of the past. I'm sure we have all heard the saying, "Those who fail to learn from the past are doomed to repeat it." England's notable Prime Minister Winston Churchill, taking a more positive view, said "The further backward you look, the

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Happy New Year!



TALENT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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